A CONGRESSMAN'S DAY

Many Demands Made Upon the People's Representative.

FROM MORN TILL NIGHT.

The Experience of One Representative as Detailed to a Star Reporter—Little Chance Permitted Him to Attend to Public Business—Worried by Constituents.

THE AVERAGE DAY LABORER DOES NOT do more work in twenty-four hours than does the member of Congress who performs his duties conscientiously. The man who drops the plow handles to come to the House will get a new idea of what work is if he attempts to do all that is required of him. Those members who are not run half to death are very fortunate in having a peculiarly contented and intelligent constituency, or else they do not undertake the work that is demanded of them. Theoretically, it is the duty of a member of Congress to make a study of statesmanship; to examine with care and deliberation all those questions of state which come before them. They are law makers and should be familiar with the laws that are and the necessity for laws to be made. They should study the great economic questions which agitate the country and should be masters of all there is of economics. The science of government should be to them as the primer of the educational system. They should not be disturbed in their philosophical moods; they should have times to devote to the study of the most profound works. They should filter all questions through minds full of profound learning, and should pass upon nothing in haste and without due consideration. That is theoretically!

PRACTICE VERSUS THEORY.

In actual experience the new Congressman learns this after he has been in Washington for a while: that he is an attorney, a claim agent, an office broker, a bureau of general information and an errand boy, with occasionally the addition of public entertainer and Capitol guide. Even the Speaker of the House, Mr. Reed, "the czar," may be seen at times pointing out things of interest to visitors or calling up the echoes in statuary hall for their entertainment.

The Congressman's day starts as early as the day of any man, is as full of activity and ends as late. Some there are who take their ease; some attend to the duties of state only, but these are a happy few, who occupy a position of God-like independence. There are many who get up at 6 o'clock in the morning and work on their correspondence until 9, then go to the departments, from one to another until shortly before the hour for the meeting of the House or of their committees. They then go through the rest of the day with the ordinary committee and House work, and are at correspondence again at night. There are several who keep two stenographers at work all the while, and some use phonographs which they talk full of letters morning and night for a copyist to take off during the day.

ONE DAY WITH A STATESMAN.

"Go through one day with me," said a hard-worked member to a STAR reporter the other day. "In the morning, after an early breakfast, I have from thirty to fifty letters to read, besides glancing hastily over my home paper. Many of the letters I can answer at once. Such as I can I do. Others are requests for information I must look up or have looked up, or are commands sending me to this department or to that to attend to private business for constituents. Armed with these letters and with a list of things I have to see to, I go, say to the Treasury Department first. I rush through there as fast as I can, always being delayed more or less by the presence of many others of my kind, who are there on business similar to my own. From Secretary to subordinate, from subordinate to Secretary, I go until I have done up that department for that day. Sometimes there is waiting and pleading and urging, commanding and kicking, perspiration and loss of temper. To the next department I go, as a woman goes from store to store on a shopping tour at Christmas time. There the same kicking and scuffling and hustling has to be done over again, and from there to the next and the next, until all the departments are cleared up for the day. By that time I have material for answers to a very large number of letters. But I have no time then for writing. I must hurry to attend a committee meeting, at which I am supposed to make a report as a subcommittee, on one or two bills which have been referred to me to examine into, formulate and advise the committee upon. I have forgotten just what time I have devoted to this duty. I must have done it in my sleep, for all the rest of the time up to that hour has been accounted for. But that is public business and couldn't be expected to be given right of way over private matters, which must be attended to for considerate constituents.

IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM.

"I go to the committee to discuss matters I have had no time to look into, and I must study the question and discuss it at the same time. At the close of the meeting I am given other bills to examine and am instructed to draw up reports on certain measures I am supposed to throughly understand. The House has met meanwhile. I have a bill, just a little bill of interest to my folks at home, upon the passage of which great local political consequences depend. I must try to get the Speaker's ear, to make an engagement with his eye. I must try to get unanimous consent, and to do so I must plead with certain habitual objectors to keep stillust this once. I wait with my nerves at high tension, shouting and pressing myself forward and getting red in the face, and in the end the regular order is demanded before I can get their the ear, the eye or unanimous consent. The regular order is a measure which I am supposed to take an interest in, to have examined and to understand and to be ready to discuss, propose amendments to and all that sort of thing. On that bill I am making my record as a statesman! Meanwhile all that information I have got or have failed to get at the departments, all the things I have done there or have failed to do, which has to be written about to my various distant correspondents, is rushing through my head and I try to steal a moment now and then to write a letter, to lessen the pile that must be written after the House has adjourned.

CALLED OUT BY CARDS.

"Many times during the day I am made aware by a bit of cardboard that my presence would be appreciated in the corridor. Sometimes it is merely some one from my home who wants to shake hands with me and ask how I am getting on and talk about the folks and the things at home. Sometimes it is a gentleman who has come to hear from my own mouth for the hundredth time that it is not in my power to suspend the civil service law in his interest. Again it is a lady who requires a great many minutes of my time in which to convince me that I should subscribe to this or to that scheme, should pay to have my picture printed in some country set whose revenues depend upon payment for pictures, should help some benevolent movement by the influence of my name and the surplus of my salary; should express for the benefit of a moral reform association my views on temperance, woman suffrage and define my creed, or that I should use my influence to pass a private claim which all the influence of gentlemen like myself in the last half dozen Congresses had been wasted on. Meanwhile I may be subject to criticism if I am seen spending so much time in earnest conversation with ladies in the corridors. Perhaps a gentleman who sends in for me merely wants to 'borrow' $5 or $10 to tide him over a temporary embarrassment. The fact that we are perfect strangers makes it less embarrassing for him to expose to me his poverty!

IN HIS LODGINGS AGAIN.

"When I get to my lodgings after adjournment there is before me the correspondence upon the department matters I looked after in the morning, together with a large number of letters which have come in by the day mails and must be read and answered. If I have any time between finishing the correspondence and falling asleep from exhaustion I devote it to such public duties as studying some question left to my charge by the committee. But all these public matters must give way before a command of some far-off letter writer that I attend to his private business at the capital. I got one letter from a hotel keeper in a little town in my district inclosing a bill for $4.75, which he said had been left unpaid by one Smith, who registered from Washington. He did not know the full name, but he would like me to look the man up and collect the bill."

The Wise Grammarian.

From Harper's Bazar.

Teacher—"What part of speech is 'but?'"

Michael—"'But' is a conjunction."

Teacher—"Correct. Now give me an example of its use."

Michael—"See the goat but the boy. 'But' connects the goat and the boy."

LARGE PROFITS IN POKER

For the Men Who Own and Manage the So-Called Clubs.

A THIN DISGUISE UNDER WHICH GAMBLING ROOMS ARE MAINTAINED—RAIDS RESULTING FROM COMPLAINTS FROM WIVES OR MOTHERS—HOW THE GREEN ONES ARE FLEECED.

"THERE'S MONEY IN THE POKER BUSINESS," said a police officer to a STAR reporter the other day, "and there are many persons in the business now who are making money enough to buy a brick house every few months.

"They are not called poker rooms any more, but are known as clubs for social and literary improvement. Almost every one of them is conducted under articles of incorporation. These so-called clubs do not include the bona fide social clubs of which gentlemen are members, but they are such clubs as are organized and conducted by one or two men and for their benefit only. The designation 'club' is only used as a blind to cover any alleged violations of the gambling law that might occur, or to at least avoid suspicion as long as possible. Where these clubs are well conducted and some care is exercised in admitting players they are likely to run a long time before being detected and raided, if such an ending should happen to come.

DOING IT IN HANDSOME STYLE.

"The proceeds of a game or two are usually large enough to justify the proprietors in keeping in the rooms a well-spread table of the choicest delicacies, for which no charge is made, the 'toll' or 'draw down' being ample to pay all expenses and leave the proprietors a good sum for themselves. In addition to the lunch, wines and liquors of various kinds are also served, or are kept on a sideboard, where the players can either help themselves or be served by the janitor, who is often called custodian.

"This important individual, like his employers, also reaps a harvest and his salary on many occasions is as much as that of many government clerks. People who sit at a poker table are always liberal as a rule, especially after they have washed down their lunch or supper with many glasses of punch or something stronger, and in a big game it is not an unusual thing for them to toss a one or two-dollar chip to the waiter. In that way he gathers in the chips until when the game is over he cashes probably $10 worth of celluloids or ivories.

ENROLLED AS A MEMBER.

"To get in a game of this sort the player is generally required to sign his name and become a member of the club, but it matters not whether his real name or an assumed one is recorded, nor does it matter much whether he pays any initiation fee or not. Indeed, he is not often asked to pay it. Sometimes the fee is $10 and when the money is paid the newly received member is furnished chips to that amount, for which no charge is made. He is then a full-fledged member and as such is entitled to the benefits of the club. That means that he can visit the room when he pleases and play poker or any other game as long as he can find some one to play against him, and the length of time always depends upon the size of each player's stake. In well-regulated club or poker rooms no boys are admitted, and when that rule is complied with and the game is conducted quietly it is safe to predict that the police will either not learn of it or at any rate it will not be raided.

"There is a club here now," continued the officer, "or it was here a short time ago, where the players were many and big money was played for. A tin box was used to hold the 'draw down' or 'toll,' which was for the benefit of those who conducted the club, and it held something like $75 worth of chips. I have seen that box emptied as early in the evening as midnight and then filled again before sunrise. One can judge from that how those who are in charge can afford to conduct the rooms in fine style and how the owners get wealthy.

FLEECING THE GREEN ONES.

"It's amusing," he continued, "to see people get into a game who think they know all about it, and it is also a mystery to know where some people get so much money to lose in the game. Some of them play night after night and always seem to lose. Fifty dollars to many of them does not seem as much as 50 cents to the average person. Saturday night is the principal night for the gamblers, and that night's game rarely ends until daylight Sunday morning and sometimes not until considerably later in the day. Some men are not satisfied to stop when their cash is all gone, but they will put up their watch, no matter what sort of a one it is or whether it will represent a dollar chip or a hundred dollars' worth of them. When his watch is gone his necktie, if it is a good one, will follow, and some men will even put up their shoes. On one occasion I knew of a man's losing his money, then his watch and other articles, and when Sunday morning came he had to borrow a pair of shoes from the janitor to go home."

MAKING COMPLAINTS.

"How are the raids brought about?" asked the reporter.

"In different ways," was the officer's reply. "Sometimes it is the result of complaints of disturbed neighbors, but more frequently it is the result of complaint on the part of some man who thought he was a gambler before he went into the room and whose opinion was changed by the result of the game so that he believes that he hardly knows a jack from a queen. Indeed, he comes to the conclusion that he has been robbed, and in many instances he is correct, for while his opponents do not put their hands in his pockets they do its equivalent in 'putting up' or 'stacking' the cards in a manner that renders it impossible for him to win. The dealer, if he is far enough up in the business, is able to read the backs of the cards as well as their faces, and even if the cards should be shuffled in a manner to give the amateur a better hand than himself and he sees he can't bluff him he knows when to drop out and let the 'sucker,' as he is called, win a pot. That only enthuses him with the idea that he can beat the game, and because his next hand is even a better one he will plunge heavily and, of course, lose his money. During the game everything seems fair and he never suspects crookedness of any sort, but when he leaves the brilliantly lighted room and gets out on the cold dark street he begins to realize how he has been duped and goes to enter a complaint against the club.

WIVES AND MOTHERS.

"If he does not make the 'kick' directly he sometimes does it in an indirect way. Going home empty-handed, if he is not afraid of his wife he tells her the truth of where his money has gone, and she either writes an anonymous letter or comes right ahead and faces the officers with the complaint.

"The same is often the case where boys are permitted to play and their mothers learn of it. Their mothers make the complaints and give their sons names, who can be used to give evidence against the proprietor or manager of the club, who is also sometimes known as its president."

All for a Dollar and a Half.

From Puck.

Miss Leffie de Rideau—"What can we possibly see in this seat?"

Mr. Nat. Youralist—"Why, a great variety of things—birds, flowers, insects, animals and shrubbery."

Written for The Evening Star.

A Reverie.

I.

If I might go tonight,—
Might wing my way to realms of light,
All sins confessed,
Supremely blest,
Glide through the gates to perfect rest,—

II.

Would earthly ties impede my flight,
Loved faces haunt my failing sight,
And tempt my soul
To shun the goal,
The joys of which but half are told?

III.

I should not cherish one regret,
For life, at best, is toil and fret,
Change and decay,
Day after day,
Hand clasps, and then, "good bye," for aye.

M. L. A.

February 10, 1891.

THE WEATHER AND BATTLES.

Absurd Meteorological Ideas.

To the Editor of The Evening Star:

Prior to the obtaining of facts it is not surprising that all manner of absurd views should be held in regard to a subject. Indeed, it is not surprising that even many valuable facts should be marshaled on the side of error. Prior to the establishment of our admirable weather service we had no definite knowledge of the forces that produce and regulate the movements and conditions of our atmosphere. Now we have these movements laid before us on the same general principle that we have the topography of the globe laid before us in our geographies.

Prior to the development of that branch of knowledge known as geography all manner of absurd views were held as to the condition of the earth's surface. The facts obtained by discovery put an end to all controversy which these facts make plain.

Now that we have extended the same principle to the atmosphere, and have mapped that, and that daily the facts are spread before us, it would seem wise on the part of the intelligent people of the world, at least, to heed these facts, to master them, and to become as wise in regard to our atmosphere as the ordinary school boy is of the geography of the earth's surface. Yet, strange to say, the world pays little heed to this information. Information that it would seem should have been earnestly sought for is quite neglected. The result of this is that even many intelligent people continue to spread before us, in the public print, notions in regard to the weather that in the line of geography would be in keeping with things prior to the fifteenth century. Our weather map was established in 1870. Allowing five years for it to get on a good basis, we may count from at least 1875, or sixteen years, to obtain valuable information in regard to our atmosphere. The map reveals to us the two grand factors, "high" and "low" (barometer), and all the causes that produce them, and their influence on the atmospheric economy of the world. At certain times it is clear and cold. An extended and positive "high" reveals the cause. At other times it is relatively warm for this season. A north "low" shows the cause. Then there is the tornado or cyclone, the blizzard, the general storm and the fair weather. No matter what the condition, the map reveals it, and even indicates it in advance. The cause of rain or snow is the gathering of the clouds which bear the material to be precipitated in the form of snow or rain, according to the temperature, produced by the juxtaposition of "high" and "low." The sun furnishes the heat for evaporation, and the concentration of the heat produces the factor "low," which, in turn, produces the winds that waft these clouds onward over hundreds of miles of territory to some common center, where the precipitation takes place. Without this arrangement there would be no precipitation, and even with the heat to evaporate, there would be no centering of clouds, forming what we term the "storm," without this agent "low." And yet intelligent men, even at this day, when these all-important facts are known to us, are the while and repeatedly coming to the front with some absurd plan embracing

BALLOONS, ELECTRICITY AND ARTILLERY

to cause rain at any time and place. They cite facts that during great battles precipitation has taken place. They might also have cited many other facts. They might have cited the fact that the full moon has shed its weird light over many a battle field, but that would be no evidence that the battle caused the moon to be full. There never was a better illustration of the absurd statement of *post hoc, ergo, proctor hoc* than this. During a battle we are liable to have any meteorological condition. The greater portion of the time, when battles are in order, is the warmer months of the year, when there is a prevalence of the north "lows" and the north "lows" produce the summer "locals." To claim that rain can be produced without regard to the juxtaposition of "high" and "low" is as absurd as to claim that something can be made out of nothing. With an extended "high" over the country, say 1,000 miles in diameter, with an intensity of 30.7 degress pressure, all the artillery and electricity which could be brought to bear would not even create a "sign," but let a north "low" come on and the precipitation would take place, if all electricity and artillery were housed. And particularly must it be borne in mind that the cause of the summer "local" is not in the immediate neighborhood where the local takes place, but hundreds of miles to the north of it.

When we can obtain some power that will rival the sun and can move it about the country as we now move a train of cars, we possibly might hope to create a force that will evaporate the water in our oceans, lakes and rivers—form it into clouds and waft them on to some designated spot. Until we can do this we had better save our money and not expose our ignorance of natural laws.

I. P. N.

LENT AND THE FLORISTS.

Flower Growers Now Getting Ready for Easter—How New Varieties are Produced.

There is one person who is sorry that Lent is here, and that is the florist. A STAR reporter dropped into a florist's establishment today and had a little chat with him about flowers. "No, sir," he said, "I cannot say that any particular flower could have been called the favorite flower this winter. Honors were easy as far as roses were concerned between the American Beauty and the La France—the latter, of course, is always a prime favorite. For some years florists all over the country have been endeavoring to propagate a rose which would take the place of the La France. Not because the La France was not as popular as ever, but because a flower was needed which would be regular in its blooming of good substantial flowers. This character the La France lacks, for while it is a free bloomer many of the flowers come on weak, short stems, which, of course, bring little money. This year a new rose, known as the Duchess of Albany, a beautiful medium between a rich colored La France and an American Beauty, was introduced, but it did not seem to catch on. I suppose you know," continued the florist, "how we get these different colored roses? You don't? Well, I will tell you. On every rose there comes what is called a 'sport,' or a long shoot from the plant. In many instances this shoot bears a different colored flower from those borne by the rest of the bush. This shoot is carefully cut off and propagated and the result is a new flower. At present the newest is the 'Waban.' It is a 'sport' from the 'Mermet,' the most beautiful, to my idea, of rosebuds. The men who propagate these new varieties run the price of plants way up and make a great deal of money. The season that has just closed promised to be an exceptionally good one for the florists and would have been so had it not been for Secretary Windom's death. A large number of orders had been given for receptions and balls and the florists had an unusually large stock on hand when the Secretary died. All of the orders were countermanded and many florists were left with a large stock on hand. His death, however, did not affect the trade in New York, so we got rid of our superfluous stock in that city and Baltimore. All of the florists are now looking forward to Easter and they will so plant their flowers and so heat their houses as to bring on hand just about that time a large supply."

Written for The Evening Star.

Woman.

From man was she created, why thus, He only knows
Who guards our paths and tempers e'en the fiercest wind that blows.
Man's passions left unfettered would bring chaos yet untold,
But the hand which rocks the cradle is the ruler of the world.

Tell not of living jewels worn by maids in southern climes,
Or of deeds of knightly valor done in these or other times;
The power of mighty sovereigns, or, that greatest sovereign, gold,
For the hand which rocks the cradle is the ruler of the world.

Priests, pedagogues and savants, great problems may define,
While statesmen strive with eager strides each other to outshine;
But when we strike a balance and the sum of all is told,
The hand which rocks the cradle is the ruler of the world.

—J. W. PORTER.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 19, '91.

Nicknames of New States.

When I registered at the Tremont, said a westerner to a Chicago *Tribune* man, I put opposite my name "Chinook State." Mike O'Brien, one of the clerks, knew me, said that was a new one on him. I tolk him it was the nickname of our state of Washington, just as Illinois and other states have nicknames. In Washington we have great winds which are called the chinook winds, and the state takes its name from chinook. Then O'Brien asked me about the nicknames of the other new states. North Dakota is called the Flicker-tail state; South Dakota, the Swinge-cat state, and Montana, the Stubbed-toe state. I don't know the significance of any of these nicknames, except the one which I told you.

DIANA BLAKE'S GOOD FORTUNE.

A Pretty Philadelphia Shop Girl Who Became a Peeress.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Forty years ago 8th street from Market to Arch was bordered with two-story houses, most of them contemporary with 1820 and given over to small notion stores, the proprietors living in the second floors. The business done was very limited, old Mrs. Harbach making more money in her little candy store than any merchant on the street. Miss Rachel Lang kept a dry goods and trimming store in the neighborhood of 8th and Filbert. She was a kindly old Scotch lady, who would as soon have had a man behind her counter as a German band before the door. So all her assistants were girls. Gloves were the only men's wear sold in the shop and Miss Lang noted with satisfaction that her sales in this line were rapidly increasing, but it never occurred to her that this was due to any other cause than the excellence of her goods, although, in fact, her gentlemen customers cared very little for the price and quality of what they bought, so long as they were waited on by Diana Blake, who was generally admitted to be the loveliest girl within the city limits.

Long-nosed, sallow-faced ladies with undeniable social records and pockets full of money often visited the store and wondered by what caprice of fortune a common Irish shop girl should have had such a dower of beauty which in the fitness of things ought to be the inheritance of women having Quaker ancestors and big bank accounts, and one of them went so far as to suggest to Miss Lang that Miss Blake's good looks were too apparent for her station in life, but went away much offended when the little Scotch lady remarked "that if every one minded their own business we would all get along better."

Diana was born in Galway, Ireland, but had come to America when an infant. She was a type of that Irish beauty as scarce in these days, according to John Brougham, as hens' teeth. Dark blue eyes, like wells of living water, shaped by long, dark lashes, blue-black hair and a complexion that was simply marvelous, were added to a sweet voice, graceful form and manners at once piquant and modest. Her father was a day laborer and the family lived in Chester street above Race.

Although Diana fully appreciated the exigencies of her position, there was one temptation she could not forego, and that was dancing. When only six years old she had taken lessons from Signor Julian, who had a school at 10th and Vine streets. The fact that he was an Irishman named McCaskey did not make him less efficient as a teacher, and when his pupil was twelve years old he secured her employment at the Walnut Street Theater in one of those elaborate ballets that so delighted our unsophisticated grandfathers. Her talent soon won recognition, and the dollar she received for each performance did much for the family income. No whisper of this had reached her employer, and it was not until she was eighteen that Manager Wood made her an offer of $18 a week, and it became necessary for her to quit Miss Lang. That lady was a good Presbyterian, and looked on the stage as the broad road to destruction, but Diana justified herself through the family necessities, and she now went on the stage as danseuse premiere and took the name of Sophia Lee.

Her success was pronounced from the first, and the jeunesse doree, represented in those days by gawky young gentlemen in gorgeous vests and clashes so tight that they looked as if skewered onto the wearer, paid the pretty dancer many squeaky compliments, at which she laughed good naturedly, though she discreetly kept her admirers at a distance.

About 1843 one of the Barings, a nephew of Lord Ashburton, visited this country and was welcomed by the best society with effusion. With him came a young Englishman named Richard Hardy. He saw Miss Lee at the theater, was struck with her grace and beauty and secured an introduction. He was a thorough gentleman and addressed her not as a professional, but as a lady. Diana fell in love with a rapidity that startled herself. After a month's quiet attentions Hardy spoke out. He loved her and wished to make her his wife. She spoke to kindly Billy Wood, the manager. He played the part of heavy father to perfection, pointed out the evanescent character of success on the stage, the hardships and perils of professional life and advised her not to neglect an opportunity of securing a position at once permanent and honorable, as he had no doubt that her avenir as a wife would be a happy one.

Diana accepted Hardy and they were married at St. Joseph's by Father Barbelin. In society it was regarded as a distinct mesalliance—the bride poor, an Irish girl and a stage dancer—but Hardy and his pretty wife cared nothing for the opinions of the broadbrims and Aminidab Sleeks that prevailed then in Philadelphia and left at once for New York. Before the honeymoon was over the first trouble came. Hardy's father warned his son that such a marriage would end all intercourse with his family, but Richard had means of his own and found no trouble in getting employment.

In less than a year old Hardy relented, and his son and wife left for England to find the father's wealth swept away by reverses in trade.

Sir James Hardy was Richard's uncle and the head of the family. He was enormously wealthy and had but one son. He also resented the union his nephew had made, and, dying about this time, left him out of his will. Between the inheritance to his vast Kentish property and Richard Hardy were the lives of eight people, and yet, by the caprice of fortune, all these vanished in two years, and Richard became a baronet and his wife Lady Hardy.

She took her place in society with a grace and dignity that were her natural gifts and grew more beautiful as time went by. Her first great sorrow was the death of her husband. She was then thirty, with one son. Two years after she married Count Egmont, a Flemish nobleman of distinction connected with the Russian embassy at Paris, and when presented at the court of the emperor was regarded as one of the most beautiful women in Europe. She survived both her last husband and son, dying in 1869 in Brussels.

THE WIDOW WHO WAS "BUSINESS."

But She Had a Tender Feeling Deep Down in Her Woman's Heart.

From the New York Sun.

A rickety old wagon, drawn by a pair of lean old mules, came around the corner of the freight house. A little old woman was holding the lines and three or four tow-headed children were behind her.

"Hee-up, Jerusalem!" she called to the off mule, who shied at a freight car, and with a twitch and a yank and a cut she wheeled the team around and backed up to the platform.

"Whar's the express feller?" she asked as she jumped out and came along cracking her whip. "Oh, you are the chap? Wall, the old man's thar in the wagon. I want to ship him up to Erin."

"I don't see him," replied the agent, as he looked into the wagon.

"He 'un's in the coffin thar! I'm going up with it to Erin. How much to pay?"

They went to the office and arranged matters and the coffin was taken from the wagon and placed on a truck. Then the woman returned to the wagon and said to the eldest boy:

"Now you, Rube, you drive slow and don't worry them mewls and the rest of you all behave yourselves. Come down fur me Wednesday and bring a jag of co'n to sell with you. Hee up now!"

When the wagon had gone she turned to us and explained:

"Old man went off purty sudden, and I've had to move lively. He 'un wanted to be buried at home, and I wouldn't disappoint him."

"Your husband?" I asked.

"Sartin. Lived together nigh on to thirty years. Reckon you all are amazed that I don't cry and take on, but thar's heaps to see to, and it all falls on me. Only half an hour afore the train, and I've got twenty things to think about."

We voted her full of "business," but rather hard-hearted, but we had to change our minds about that. She suddenly disappeared, and as we walked along to the cotton bales piled high on the platform we heard a grieving and sobbing and then a voice of lamentation cried out:

"Oh, Jim, old man, it's the Lord's will, but I can't abide it! I'm a holdin' up and tryin' to be brave, but my old heart's being drowned out by tears which the eyes won't shed! I'm a-waitin' Jim—a-waitin' till I git back home whar I kin slop down and hev it out with my sorrow!"

And two minutes later she was standing at the ticket window and saying:

"Reckon these kivered kyars never do be on time, but I want no fussin' around in this case or somebody'll get sued. Hain't got but two days to put him through and git back home."

The Reason Why.

From the Philadelphia Times.

She had accepted him and they were getting along very nicely indeed without running the least risk of being blinded by the gas burning too high.

"I chose you, darling, from the first," he whispered.

"And why did you elect poor me?" she asked.

"Because I was always in favor of a fair election."

THE MYSTERY OF FIVE.

A Landlord's Peculiar Superstition Was Tragically Verified by His Death.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

It was a dreary December night, and as I stretched myself before the comfortable fire in "The Wayside Tavern," I pitied all belated travelers who were unsheltered in the cold and sleet.

"Yes," said the landlord, continuing a subject we had been discussing, when a loud rattling of the windows had momentarily interrupted the conversation, "I always was superstitious. I wouldn't make the fifth man at a table for anything in the world. There's something in it, I tell you. I'm afraid of odd numbers."

I laughed as I brushed the ashes from my cigar and refilled my glass.

"There's luck in odd numbers, landlord," I said, pushing the decanter toward him.

"I don't believe it. My father fell dead while sitting at the table with four others. He made the fifth man. He died in this very room!"

I looked curiously at the man. He was in earnest about it. His face was pale and he lifted his glass with nervous hands.

I was about to make another effort to dispel his illusions when there was a loud knock at the door.

The landlord banged his glass on the table with force enough to shiver it and drew back the iron bolt.

One man with dripping clothes entered. Then another, and another—"One, two, three," counted the landlord. "Any more?" and he peered out into the darkness.

"No more!" said a tall, black-whiskered fellow with an evil countenance. "Ain't three enough?"

"It's all I can lodge tonight," said the landlord. Then, bending down, he whispered in my ear:

"Just five of us—odd number—just what we were talking about!"

His hand trembled nervously on my shoulder. Strange—and he a big, burly fellow, with limbs like a giant's!

"Bring out your wine!" cried one of the men—or something stronger if you've got it. We've traveled far and every man of us is wet through."

"Yes!" cried the others, "give us something strong—something that'll warm us quicker than your fire there!"

Glasses were soon clinking, toasts were proposed and responded to and the three travelers who were so fortunately sheltered began to make merry.

Their merriment amused me, but I did not join in it. I was noticing the landlord at odd intervals.

He sat near the fire—far enough away from the table—silent and morose. I was leaning back in my chair, my arm resting on the table. The three strangers sat opposite.

"Come, landlord!" cried one, "and you, stranger," addressing me, "come, have a round with us. We're just a party of five. Lets be sociable!"

"I'll drink with you," said the landlord, rising, "but not at the table. I never sit down with odd numbers."

The room echoed with laughter.

"Well, you're a good one," said the tall, ill-favored fellow. "You've been frightened by some old witch's yarn. Come, draw up a chair, and I'll warrant the devil won't catch you!"

"That may be," said the landlord, "but I'll not risk it, for all that. I've got my prejudices."

"Why not put your prejudices to the test," I said, "and dissipate them forever?"

"Too much of a coward," said one of the men. "I dare him to take a chair and make one of us!"

"Pour me out another drink. I never took that word—'coward'—from any man. I'll sit with you!"

The man was a hard drinker. He had told me that when we were sipping wine together before the advent of the three boisterous travelers. To this I attributed much of his nervousness and superstition.

He tossed off another glass and then approached the table unsteadily, as it seemed to me, and sank into a chair.

"Now, to the landlord's health!" cried the men, and glasses were filled again.

He drank long and deeply. The pallor of his face increased; his hand trembled violently, a strange light crept into his eyes and he stared vacantly around the room.

Presently the filled glass fell from his hand to the floor. He looked from face to face with wild, appealing eyes, then his head fell forward until it rested on the table.

When we lifted him there was no sign of life in the staring eyes.

"Good God!" I cried, "the man is dead!"

And the rude voices of my rough companions echoed, "Dead!"

Here was a mystery! But in this world so plain, yet so mysterious, far stranger things are happening every day.

Progressive Evolution.

From Judge.

Nominative—Jag.

Possessive—Jig.

Objective—Jug.

Oysters Frozen to Death.

Our correspondent at Whitstable, says the London *Daily News*, writes: "Since the disappearance of the frost it has been found that enormous damage has been done by the recent severe weather to the extensive oyster beds at Whitstable, the damage sustained by the two companies being estimated at £15,000. The French and Dutch sorts have suffered most, and these have almost all been killed by the effects of the prolonged frost.

"The result will be very serious on the oyster trade, although the consumer will probably suffer most. The oyster beds are two miles long by one mile wide and are laid in different sections, according to the kinds of oysters. The average depth below the surface is about sixteen feet, but at low water there is in some places not more than two feet over the beds.

"During the intensely cold weather the sea was frozen over, the frost reaching the oyster and causing its death. As it takes from three to five years for an oyster to become marketable from the time the spat is laid it will be nearly this time before the beds will recover from the loss that has been caused."

BARON DE HIRSCH INTERVIEWED.

The Origin and Nature of His Munificence for the Benefit of Poor Jews.

Special Cable Dispatch to the New York Herald.

I had the pleasure of being received by Baron de Hirsch at the Villa Carlotta, Monte Carlo, when he kindly gave me the following interesting particulars respecting his numerous munificent gifts to the poor:

Baron de Hirsch's whole affections were centered in his only child, Baron Lucien de Hirsch, who died some few years ago, after a very short illness. This cruel affliction caused him to retire from all active business. Being possessed of enormous wealth and having no direct heir, he, after mature consideration, decided to employ or devote a portion of his fortune to the alleviation of the sufferings of his fellow men. Notwithstanding his Jewish descent Baron de Hirsch is a man of large and liberal ideas on religious matters, many members of his family being Christians. Furthermore, his adoption of two English children, who are being brought up in the Christian religion, is sufficient proof that his unequaled liberality is not limited to his own people.

BEFRIENDING THE JEWS OF RUSSIA.

For several years past he has seriously occupied himself with the miserable condition of the poor Jews in Russia and he determined to take all possible steps to come to their assistance. He at once entered into negotiations with the Russian government to this effect and proposed to devote the sum of £2,000,000 to that object. It can be easily imagined that this offer was not lightly refused by the Russian authorities, but certain stipulations imposed by the donor, though of a kind usual in such cases—such as that the money should be invested in the hands of trustees—not being in accordance with the desire of the Russians, who wished to have the whole and sole handling of the money, Baron de Hirsch was obliged to withdraw his offer.

He thereupon decided to take other steps. This, however, did not prevent him—as proof that he had no religious prejudices—from handing to the chief of the Holy Synod, M. de Pobiedonoslzew, a gift of £40,000 for the orthodox Russian schools. It may not be uninteresting to the *Herald's* readers to know that generally in Russia—as it was in many other countries of Europe till a few years ago—Jews are no longer allowed to farm or till land, and this, with their increasing population, was one of the principal causes of their poverty.

HELPING EMIGRATION.

Being baffled in his efforts to help them in this way Baron de Hirsch determined to do so in another and began to encourage and help Russian Jews to emigrate. Enormous sums have been given by him for this purpose. America was the first country looked to, and to provide funds for the emigrants and for the education of their children was the prime object of his munificent gift of 12,000,000 francs. But the persecution of the Jews still continuing in Russia it became necessary to find some other outlet than the United States, and he sent a commission of three competent men—an English officer of engineers, a Belgian and a German—to the Argentine Republic for the purpose of reporting on the agricultural prospects of that country. Their report being favorable a further important sum will be provided by Baron de Hirsch for the purpose of enabling Russian Jews to emigrate to that country and for the purchase of land there for their benefit.

It has been the general belief that the Jews are extremely opposed to manual labor, but Baron de Hirsch assured me that this is not so, he having had indisputable proof to the contrary. And this fact is the principal cause of his proposed action in their favor in the Argentine Republic.

MORE MUNIFICENCE.

Besides these different sums, Baron de Hirsch has just given 12,000,000f. for Galician schools. This latter gift probably gave rise to the erroneous statements which appeared in the papers that he had given the said sum the second time to the United States, whereas he simply handed over to the American trustees the capital of his former gift.

African Cannibalism and Superstition.

From the New York Star.

Attention has been so generally directed to Africa and its people by the visit here of Henry M. Stanley and the controversy over the actions of the rear guard of his exploring party that anything about the dark continent is timely. Joseph H. Reading, who has for years been identified with missionary work in Africa, but is now on a visit to this country, talks both intelligently and entertainingly about that continent and its people.

"One very prevalent impression about darkest Africa," he says, "is with regard to its supposed sunlight, bright colors and gentle breezes. Once experienced, the tropical sunlight is never forgotten. It burns into the soul and those who have been under its influence for any length of time will always long for it wherever they are and be willing to brave all sorts of fevers and languors to be under its spell again. What does not seem to be generally understood in America is that there are really two Africas. The old Africa of the interior is still wrapped in barbarity and superstition; the new Africa of the coast is of an entirely different kind, especially the section lying along the western boundary of the continent. To be sure, this strip of civilization is not very wide and does not extend inland any great distance, except occasionally along the rivers. There are, too, two distinct varieties of the native savage—the slave-holding and the cannibal. The only native form of government known is that of the tribe. A collection of villages makes up the tribe and a number of families constitute the village. The slaves are almost universally either captives of war or the criminals of one village sold for punishment into slavery to another village. The cannibal natives represent about the worst type of human beings extant. They make it a custom to eat enemies captured in war, and frequently go into battle merely to secure gratification of their unnatural appetites. I have known instances where these depraved wretches have even eaten their own dead who have succumbed to disease, and where, when they did not wish to eat their own relatives, they have traded off bodies with another village. One remarkable thing which I believe is not generally known is that these black savages will never eat the flesh of a white man. They have a superstition that to do so would bring some horrible kind of misfortune upon them. Another noticeable thing is that it has been impossible to convince the African cannibal that the salt pork that the traders take out to them is not the flesh of pickled white men. When these creatures visit a settlement the graves have to be closely watched or they will dig up the bodies, smoke them, and carry them away. They regard the white man as the possessor of untold wealth, and are always anxious for him to settle with them, because they think he can make them rich. If he does not, however, buy their rubber and ivory, he soon discovers that he is unwelcome, and that his life is in jeopardy."

A Careless Teacher of Deportment.

From the Boston Herald.

Politeness to be worth anything must be instinctive. It is a good scheme to instruct youth in the outward signs of this inward grace, even though it hath it not, but the teacher should also practice what he preaches, or discredit falls on him and his instruction. A certain professor in a popular school has been very strenuous in enforcing certain "manners" on his classes, and very properly insists that the little boys should take off their hats whenever they meet any person they know, and also give up their seats in a crowded street car to ladies who are standing. Some of the small boys questioned the latter necessity, but when informed that a gentleman, unless he was a cripple, would never sit while a woman stood, accepted the edict as final and have doubtless acted on it. But some of these pupils have recently credited their professor with insincerity, for they have seen him retain his seat in a crowded public conveyance, and, furthermore, he barely returns with a touch of his hat rim the courteous recognition of the young girls in his classes. And speaking of these gentle signs of breeding makes me think how well it is to teach a child to shake hands. Some children when addressed by their parents' friends look up frankly and give an honest little paw to be clasped in the bigger hand as though it was a pleasure to be recognized, while others shyly hang their heads and stretch out a limp apology for a hand in return. Which form of greeting is the more attractive need not be pointed out. I know a bright little chap, an only child, whom it is a pleasure to meet, because he always shakes hands as though he really meant it and he felt you were as much his friend as though eight years old like himself. But his name is Paul, and who ever heard of a Paul who was not frank and what the world calls "a little gentleman?"

A Safe Test.

Pedler—"Do buy these eyeglasses, sir! They're as strong as iron and you can't break them. Why, I've been thrown today out of three houses, and not a single glass was smashed."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

THE LUCK OF CHATTERING CAMP.

Changed Conditions in the Monkey Cage Since the Coming of an Anthropoid Infant.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

There was an exciting time among the monkeys at the Zoological Garden yesterday. Since the birth of the cunning little one several days ago great consternation has prevailed in the evolutionary family. It seems to be not only the idol of its fond parents, but also the joy and pride of the entire group. Different ones shared in fondling and coddling it, and the quarrels and knock downs which have occurred in the efforts of the other monkeys to get possession of it have produced some remarkably ludicrous scenes.

One of these funny incidents took place early yesterday, frightening one of the night watchmen half out of his wits. Just as he was about rounding the garden on the last patrol of his beat Watchman Shuman had his attention directed to the monkey house by a terrific commotion. So great and unusual was the uproar that the man was startled. Nearly every morning the monkeys welcome the day with a general clatter, but this time the noise was appalling. All sorts of sounds such as only monkeys with good lungs can produce, mingled with shrill shrieks, piercing yells and loud screams, were issuing from the quarters, giving the watchman the impression that some small animal of prey had got into their cage and was slaughtering the monkeys, or else a deadly battle among themselves, such as has occurred several times, was in progress. Hastening in as fast as his feet could carry him, he found the army of monkeys formed in a circle around one of their number, chattering and shrieking, while they clambered over one another, rolled about the floor and indulged in other strange and unaccountable antics. If Bedlam had been turned loose in the big cage, the confusion could not have been more, the uproar or the scene more ludicrous.

For several moments the watchman stood an amused spectator, astonished and bewildered at the strange performance, when suddenly one of the larger of the cunning creatures advanced to the monkey in the center. Seizing the infant, which up to this time was unobserved by the man, the large monkey gave a big leap and made off with it. Up the side of the cage he ran like a squirrel, holding the baby in one arm and climbing with the other, while fifty more monkeys, with lungs like brass tea kettles, followed in hot pursuit with the frenzied mother, all screaming, chattering and shrieking to the full extent of their vocal capacity. Around and around the kidnapper, who seemed to be the most agile and fleetest of foot of the lot, ran, holding his infant charge secure to protect it from harm. Meanwhile the excitement and confusion appeared, if possible, to increase. Instead of turning and heading him off, the foolish animals continued to chase him from the rear, frequently falling over one another in their precipitate rush to recover the baby.

In this manner they ran around for several moments. The watchman, bewildered as well as amused at their capers, stood by, enjoying the funny scene, at a loss to know what to do. Finally the big old monkey, which had stolen the precious infant, suddenly turned into the center of the cage to where the mother sat when he grabbed it from her arms. Stopping abruptly, he seemed to bid defiance to the pursuers, and while they, evidently seized with a fear to approach, collected about him in a circle and chattered as they had done about the mother, he held it tenderly to his bosom in one arm and stroked its little body affectionately with the other. Thus caressing it for a moment, he handed it back to its glad mother, and there was joy throughout the whole family.

As a result of this incident Lady Jane and her baby, Rosina, were transferred later in the day by Head Keeper Byrne to a special cage, where there are only three or four other monkeys. The baby was christened Rosina by an admirer of Rosina Vokes, the dramatic star.

"Ever since this young one was born, a few days ago, there has been the greatest time among the monkeys," said Keeper Byrne. "They all seem to be just as thoroughly in love with the little creature as ever a family of girls were with an infant brother. The mother appears to realize that they regard it with affection, and she has undertaken to cultivate this affectionate feeling by loaning it out to others to nurse. In consequence it has been handed about from one to the other until in the general admiration its stomach has been forgotten and it has not been receiving nourishment frequently enough. This is not intentional neglect on the part of the mother. When she loans it there is trouble in getting it back, because they pass it from one to another. It is a very hardy little creature, and seems to stand an amazing amount of handling. The others caper with it very gently, however, and understand as well as its mother that it requires tender treatment. Since I have moved the mother and it into another cage, where there are only a few others, it will not be neglected, for there are not so many to coddle it."

The little one which has created so much commotion in the monkey family weighs only about a pound. Its limbs, body and head are perfectly developed, and in general appearance it is also a counterpart of its parent, except it is in color a dark pink. Its diminutive body is covered with a slight growth of fine hair of a yellowish hue. It is nursed at the breast of its mother after the same manner as a baby.

He Had a Blood Purifier.

From the New York Sun.

A dilapidated-looking old man, who was chewing sassafras root with great energy, suddenly appeared in the waiting room of the Erie depot, across the river, and as he approached a man who was waiting for a western train he pulled a bottle of liquid from an old satchel in his hand and said:

"My friend, you are looking yaller about the eyes, which is a sure sign that your blood is in a bad state. One bottle of my blood purifier will restore you to health and vigor."

"Don't want it, sir," was the curt reply.

"All right, mister, all right. If a feller wants to keep on looking yaller about the eyes when a pannycea is at hand that's his own business. Long 'bout the middle of April you'll be on your back with a spell of bilious fever, but you needn't lay it up agin me."

The next person approached was a severe looking woman, about thirty-five years of age, who was probably an old maid.

"Them yaller streaks at the corner of your mouth denote a torpid liver, ma'am," said the man as he gave the bottle a shake. "Sunthin' right here to improve your looks fifty per cent in two weeks."

"Sir!" she demanded, in icy tones.

"Only fifty cents a bottle, ma'am, and made right in my own house, from herbs and roots gathered by my own hand. Just opened the spring campaign and the price is only fifty cents a bottle."

"Go away sir!" she commanded, loudly.

"Don't want any, eh?"

"No, sir!"

"All right, madam—all right. Torpid liver may be a good thing to have about the house, but I don't think so. Here's your pannycea, and if you don't want it I can't compel you to buy it."

The third person was a man with a marked redness of nose and rough spots on his face. He was busy with a newspaper when the old man approached and said:

"One bottle will cure that nose or money refunded."

"What! What's that?" demanded the man.

"And the second bottle will cause every rough spot to disappear, though it would be safer for you to take a third. Three bottles for $1.25 or 50 cents for a single bottle. I war——"

"Look a here, you old reprobate, what are you driving at?" exclaimed the patient as he stood up.

"I am selling a blood purifier, made of roots and herbs. It's a little early, perhaps, but I want to get the start of the buckwheat scratches. Are you a drinking man?"

"Do you mean to insult me to my face, sir? Why, I'll punch your face for a cent!"

"Wouldn't do no good, mister. Here's the only genuine blood purifier in market, and last year I sold 7,000 bottles of it. Invigorates the liver, tones up the blood, and if I can't cure that nose of yours I don't want a cent."

"I'll purify you, you old assassin!" shouted the man; and he was peeling off his overcoat to do it when the depot policeman came up and told the old man he must go out.

"And not sell a bottle of my blood purifier in this crowd?" he asked.

"Come, out you go!"

"And you don't want a bottle for yourself? You've got a jaundice look and this 'ere stuff will knock the jaundice into a cocked hat in just five doses."

He was led out and told not to re-enter the depot, but he stood at the door and said to the policeman through the glass window:

"All right, officer, all right. If the people don't want my blood purifier they needn't have it. It's the season to purify, but I never go agin the law, and if there's a rampage of bilious fever next spring don't say I wasn't around with my pannycea at regular price."

The World's Fair Rights at Home.

From the Harvard Lampoon.

Little Georgie—"Mamma, where is the world's fair going to be held?"

"Mamma—"In Chicago, dear; why?"

Little Georgie—"Oh, nothing; only while I was hiding under the sofa last night I heard Charlie tell Grace to come over to him and he would show her where the world's fair ought to be held, and I was just going to peep out and see where when the gas went out."

A REMARKABLE SENTENCE.

A Judge Who Took Delight in Pronouncing Death on a Prisoner.

Santa Fe Letter in Pittsburg Leader.

One of the most eccentric and at the same time one of the ablest judges that ever sat upon the far western bench was Kirby Benedict, who, for thirteen years, was a justice of the supreme court of New Mexico, having been first appointed in 1853 by President Pierce and reappointed by President Buchanan, and appointed chief justice of the court by President Lincoln. He was a man of great ability and learning, strong in his prejudices, violent in his passions and relentless in his convictions.

There are many anecdotes told of Judge Benedict. But the crowning act of his judicial career was the sentence of death passed by him upon a prisoner convicted of murder, which sentence was as follows:

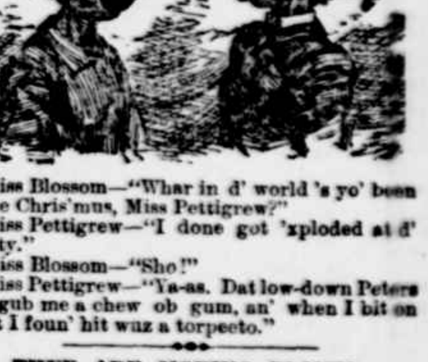
"Jose Maria Martin, stand up. Jose Maria Martin, you have been indicted, tried and convicted by a jury of your countrymen of the crime of murder, and the court is now about to pass upon you the dread sentence of the law. As a usual thing, Jose Maria Martin, it is a painful duty by the judge of a court of justice to pronounce upon a human being the sentence of death. There is something horrible about it, and the mind of the court naturally revolts from the performance of such a duty. Happily, however, your case is relieved of all such unpleasantness, and the court takes positive delight in sentencing you to death.

"You are a young man, Jose Maria Martin, apparently of good physical constitution and robust health. Ordinarily you might have looked forward to many years of life, and the court has no doubt you have, and have expected to die at a green old age; but you are about to be cut off as the consequence of your own act. Jose Maria Martin, it is now the spring time; in a little while the grass will be springing up in these beautiful valleys and on these broad mesas and mountain sides flowers will be blooming, birds singing above your lowly head.

"The sentence of the court is that you be taken from this place to the county jail; that you there be kept safely and securely confined in the custody of the sheriff until the day appointed for your execution. Be very careful, Mr. Sheriff, that he have no opportunity to escape, and that you have him at the appointed place at the appointed time; that you be so kept, Jose Maria Martin, until—Mr. Clerk, on what day of the month does Friday about two weeks from this time come?" "March 22, your honor." "Very well—until Friday, the 22d day of March, when you will be taken from your place of confinement to some safe and convenient spot within the county (that is in your discretion, Mr. Sheriff; you are only confined to the limits of the county), and that you there be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and—the court was about to add, Jose Maria Martin, 'may God have mercy on your soul,' but the court will not assume the responsibility of asking an all-wise Providence to do that which a jury of your people have refused to do. The Lord couldn't have mercy on your soul. However, if you have any religious belief, or are connected with any religious organization, it might be well enough for you to send for your priest or your minister and get from him—well, such consolation as you can; but the court advises you to place no reliance upon anything of that kind. Mr. Sheriff, remove the prisoner."

A Knocked-Out Rival.

From Judge.



Miss Blossom—"Whar in d' world 's yo' been since Chris'mus, Miss Pettigrew?"

Miss Pettigrew—"I done got 'xploded at d' pahty."

Miss Blossom—"Sho!"

Miss Pettigrew—"Ya-as. Dat low-down Peters gal gub me a chew ob gum, an' when I bit on to it I foun' hit wuz a torpeeto."

THEY ARE MOVING PLANTS.

Interesting Facts About the Mysterious Organisms Called Bacteria.

We hear much nowadays in a general way about bacteria. As many of our readers will doubtless welcome more clear and definite information in regard to these minute but powerful organisms, the following is quoted from *Popular Science News:*

Bacteria are not insects or "bugs," but plants. They have, however, the power of spontaneous motion. Like other living things they take in matter and potential energy and give off matter and manifest energy.

In common with all vegetables not possessing chlorophyll they require organic food for the maintenance of life, but they can subsist upon food that contains no proteid, being able to take nitrogen and sulphur from inorganic sources and with carbon from organic sources, and with water they build up proteid material. They share respiration in common with all living things, taking in oxygen and giving off carbon dioxide. Certain bacteria, however, do not require free oxygen, being able to unlock it from the substances in which they exist; and certain chemical processes attributable to them evidently depend upon this power of unlocking oxygen from stable compounds. Bacteria are very widely distributed, being present in the atmosphere in vast numbers, and also existing in earth and water. They cover the surface of our bodies and line our entire alimentary canals; fortunately, however, they are chiefly of the benign variety, which will not thrive in living tissues—hence called non-pathogenic.

These micro organisms are among the smallest objects which the microscope reveals. A very common form of bacteria is that known as the bacterium termo, which is an elongated rod-like cell about 1-25,000 of an inch in breadth and less than twice its breadth in length. It is non-pathogenic, easily killed by antiseptics, and is always found in putrefying or septic fluids; hence it is sometimes called the carrion or septic fungus.

Cold (32 degrees Fahrenheit) suspends the animation of bacteria, but does not kill them—many withstand a much lower temperature. Boiling water kills many bacteria, but those that are in the condition of spores can withstand a much higher temperature or can withstand the temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit for a much longer time than can the mature bacterium. In general terms extremes of heat have a more destructive action to bacteria than extremes of cold. Heat without moisture does not necessarily destroy the lives of all bacteria, but renders some simply inactive.

A Steam Phaeton.

The problem of making a light steam carriage has been attacked in a promising way, says the Boston *Transcript*, by M. Serpollet, the French engineer, whose instantaneous steam generator was brought to notice a year or two ago. This generator consists of a strong spiral tube, from which a fine jet of water issues over a fire and instantly expands into steam, explosion being impossible, and steam being brought at once to full pressure. Such a boiler is especially adapted for light vehicles. M. Serpollet has been experimenting with it on tricycles, and in his latest effort he employs it on a large phaeton, capable of carrying six persons on its two seats, with a seventh passenger on a stool in front. The carriage is elegant in appearance and very comfortable. The boiler is under the rear seat and the fire-box receives fuel automatically from chests on each side, while the water reservoir and the engine are placed under the front seat. The normal horse power is four, which may be instantaneously increased to six. A speed of fifteen miles an hour is obtained and grades of one in twelve are easily surmounted with a full load. Water may be carried for a trip of about twenty miles and fuel for thirty-five miles, and with a full charge of fuel and water the total weight of the carriage is 2,750 pound. Coke, of which about thirty pounds is consumed per horse power per hour, is preferred for fuel on city streets on account of its smokelessness. This novel vehicle is readily guided through crowded thoroughfares and is permitted on the streets of Paris with no restriction except that the speed shall not exceed ten miles an hour.

Boston Infants With Violins.

From a Boston Letter.

There are hundreds of little Boston girls, from five to nine years old, learning to play the violin. They are almost entirely the children of well-to-do parents, who desire their daughters to have an accomplishment something out of the ordinary. These little ones, of course, cannot handle an ordinary violin at first and begin their lessons on a miniature affair. Usually they know nothing of music when they begin and have to learn that and the technique of the instrument together. Girls make better violinists than boys and the violin seems to me essentially a feminine instrument.